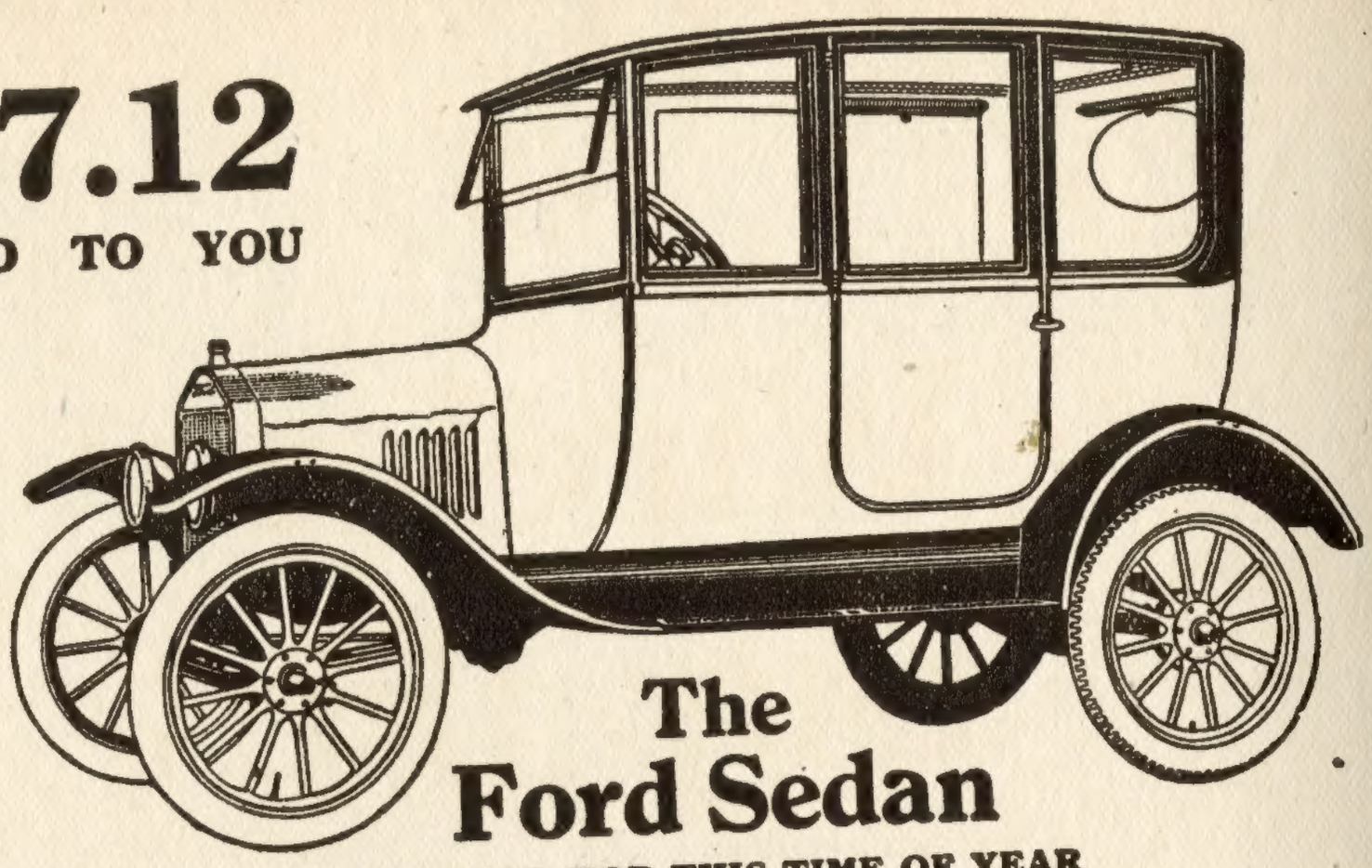
The ACROPOLIS

NOVEMBER 1921

$727.12
DELIVERED TO YOU



The Ford Sedan

POPULAR TYPE OF CAR FOR THIS TIME OF YEAR

WARD AUTO SALES CO.

316 BROAD STREET, near Belleville Avenue

OPEN EVENINGS

J. W. WARD, President **WAYLAND E. STEARNS, Treas.**

New Building Ready September, 1921.

New Jersey Law School

East Park Street

Newark **New Jersey**

A standard three-year course leading to degree of LL.B., open to graduates of Barringer High School.

For new booklet address

The Secretary, New Jersey Law School

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Wireless Supplies

A Full Assortment for the Amateur

INFORMATION AND INSTRUCTION FREE

Our Prices Are Right

Newark Electrical Supply Co.

223 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Oldest and Largest Electrical Supply Distributors in New Jersey

THE ACROPOLIS

Entered as Second-class matter October 8, 1917, at the post office at Newark, N. J., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF THE PUPILS OF THE BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL. SUBSCRIPTION BY MAIL $1.75 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS EACH. FOR ADVERTISING RATES ADDRESS THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

Contributions are solicited from the students and graduates of this school. All matter intended for publication must be submitted to the editor before the first of the month in which it is to appear. The Acropolis Box will be found in the office and is for the reception of notes and personals.

VOL. XXIII OFFICE: BARRINGNER HIGH SCHOOL SANCTUM, NEWAFK, N. J. No. 3

Editor—HARLAN S. DE VOE
Associate Editor—W. FAIRLIE McNEAR
Business Manager—BARNARD SICHEL

LITERATURE..... Eleanor Reynolds,Ch., Willard Cummins, Julius Yadkowsky, Ethel Dodge, Florence Hass, Percy Olton

PERSONALS..... Anne Bishop, Ch., Elizabeth De Voe, Edmund Dippel, John A. Hammond, Robert Wallace

ART..... Franklin Chattin, Ch., Melita Ahl

FACULTY..... Mr. Morris L. Barr, Literary Adviser; Mr. George W. Stone, Treasurer

SCHOOL NEWS..... Imre Domonkos, Ch., Benjamin Resnick, Helen Kolodin, Hilda Semon

EXCHANGES..... Robert Metcalfe, Ch., Gordon Hart, Dorothy Benjimen

ATHLETICS..... George Haight, Ch., Robert T. Wolf, Alice Hodson, Lew Westriech, C. A. Rotunda

Graduate Notes..... Betty Holland, Sidney Blumberg, Irene Fine

Circulation Manager.....WM. PERRY
Ass't Business Manager.....W. REEVE

NEWARK, N. J., NOVEMBER, 1921

THANKSGIVING

It is now Thanksgiving time again, time to render thanks after the custom instituted by the Pilgrim Fathers.

If we stop for a few moments to think of the things for which we are thankful, certainly we shall find it easier than to think of those things for which we are not. In other words, we are thankful for nearly everything.

Among those things for which we are grateful is the peaceful condition of our native land as compared with the European countries. If it were not for this we should not now be enjoying the quiet comfort of our homes or the splendid conditions under which we receive an education such as we are getting here at Barringer. Many of us probably think we should be glad if we did not have to attend school, but if perfectly honest with ourselves the answer would be quite the contrary. Besides these there are many others, some great and some small, for which we are exceedingly thankful.

It is therefore fitting that for at least part of that great day, we should think of all these things, that we may resolve always to stand for the best in this, our country.

TO THE TEACHERS

We have started a new department in the "Acropolis" to receive the contributions of teachers only. It is called the "What Do You Think About It?" column. Its object, as the name implies, is to bring before the students the ideas and viewpoints of different teachers on various current local topics. We hope that all the faculty will co-operate with this plan and send in articles commenting upon present questions or phases of school life. Our aim is to give the teachers an opportunity to discuss local conditions. Such discussion will prove both interesting and helpful.

BOOST THE ACROPOLIS

Soon the examinations for next term's Acropolis Board will be held. How many, we wonder, intend to try for a position. Certainly it is worth while to be on the Board. Think of the help you give to Barringer! Think of the interest you will have in the work and of the knowledge you will gain! This knowledge may be of great use to you some day if you try to become a board member of a college publication. Don't stay back just because you believe you might be unable to do the work right. Come out anyway. Come and learn! You never know what you can do until you try!

ARE YOU LOYAL?

Do you stick by your team through thick and thin? Are you always ready to uphold the honor and traditions of your school, no matter what the odds? Are you a true and loyal Barringerite? Or are you one of that number who stand up for their team only when the team is winning all its games? Don't be a knocker! Be a booster!

When the members of a team know that the entire scohol is back of them, they will try their utmost to do what is expected of them and thus fight ten times harder. Don't brag or lie, but stick to the fact that your team can always put up a better fight than its opponent. It may lose in score, but just the same it will win in fight and fair play. Your attitude has its effect upon the morale of the players. Are you doing your part in this matter? If not, go to it.

OCTOBER HONOR ROLL

4A Room 31. Edna Doyle, Florence Hass, Theodore Rissell, Carl Pomeroy.
Room 33. Vincent Barra, Kathryn Elkins, Myrtle Loder, Electra Napoliello, Lena Rizzolo.

4B Room 25. Thelma Ruffkess, Henry Venus.
Room 36. Fairlie McNear, Marie Nugent, Elizabeth Stewart, Franklin Steiger.

3A Room 41. Selma Fischman, Philip Freda, Helene Rosentreter, Edna Van Duyne.
Room 50. Evelyn Battin, Lida Bedell, Franklin Chattin.

3B Room 43. Morris Steckman.
Room 45. Robert Jarvis.
Room 59. Eugenia Thomas.
Room 82. John Single, Eleanor Wilsey.

2A Room 26. Louisa Kessler, Jennie Weiss.
Room 92. Sara Jesserum, Edward Haviar.

2B Room 42. William Parry.
Room 61. William Brennan, Fred Marinaro.
Room 65. Clara Rosenstein.
Room 66. Chas. Calasibetta, Robert Mayer.
Room 67. Marie Kisling, Samuel Owen, Beatrice Rosenberg, Florence Seligman, Esther Slade, Ernest Waters.

2B Room 81. Anna Andrews, Harry Stein, Walter Walsh, Joseph Weintraub.
Room 83. Margaret Blake, Iris Veyer.

1A Room 3[1]. Leonard Tushnet.
Room 66[1]. Ethel Moon, Nea Norton.
Room 67[1]. Harry R. Doremus, Mildred Merz, James L. Single.
Room 81[1]. Eleanor Ahr, Milton Block.
Room 82[1]. Richard Johnson.
Room 85[1]. Florence Freda, Clara Vitiello.
Room 93[1]. Sylvia Greenberg, Karl Gustafson.
Room 95[1]. Burtis Morningstern, Charlotte Planck, Lily Shapiro.

1B Room 57[1]. Dorothy Ackerman, Charles Carpenter, Abbott Ward.
Room 61[1]. Edward Conklin, Frederick Day, Emma Lister.
Room 65[1]. Florence Harper, Bradley Harrison, Robert Jennings, Lillian Knight.
Room 83[1]. Frances Parkhurst.
Room 86[1]. Joseph Rose, Louis Fuchs.

1B Room 87[1]. Helen Monteith.
Room 91[1]. Beatrice Loubet.
Room 92[1]. Leslie Ault, Graham Wood.

Wasted Science

Jim: "I hear a certain dentist has cured insanity by pulling out infected teeth."

Jam: "Well, it won't do any good. They'll go crazy again when they see the bill."

Short Stories

PLAY IT OUT

By Percy Olton

"Hey there, Freshie! Take off that straw hat!" The speaker, or shouter, was a rather tall fellow, but he did not show it, for he was broad in proportion to his height. His was the type of build that makes linemen on a football team. He was called "Skeet" on account of the tricks he was accustomed to play on his fellow schoolmates.

The person addressed was somewhat shorter and of slighter build. His eyes were a pleasing, laughing kind, that made his schoolmates like him at first sight. His lips, however, were thin and firm, showing that he would stick to his job until it was done. He was walking through the streets of the little New England town, Hiram, going to the Davidson Military Academy, a large prep school, which was located on the outskirts of the town. As he didn't intend to be scared by any of the older fellows, he went on, pretending not to hear.

"Hey! Do you hear me? Take that straw hat off!" yelled Skeet in a voice that could be heard for a quarter of a mile.

Still he didn't answer, so Skeet suddenly hit his hat and sent it flying into the road. Before he could pick it up, one of the other boys who were with Skeet, gave it a kick, and the others took up the fun. The "Freshie," enraged beyond words, sprang at his tormentors, aiming a blow at Skeet's head. Skeet ducked, so that the blow grazed his head. The others caught the luckless "Freshie's" arms before he could strike again.

"What is your name?" asked Skeet in a very deep and solemn voice.

"That's my business," was the sharp answer.

"I know what it is," cut in one of his captors. "It's Jack Campbell. I heard him telling one of the fellows on the train.

"Jack Campbell," continued Skeet very solemnly, "you have violated the sacred laws of Davidson by wearing a straw hat during your Freshman year. Therefore, in the name of the Sophomore Class, I shall give you a good spanking."

Then he proceeded to do it, while the other Sophomores stood by laughing. When the task was finished, Jack saw that discretion was the better part of valor, and went his way without further trouble, but in his heart he vowed that this insult would be avenged.

Events moved along swiftly in the school and very happily for Jack. His sunny disposition won him many friends and brought him the presidency of the class. Skeet was the only cloud in his sky, but he was a very dark one. As president of the Sophomore Class he seemed to think it his duty to take advantage of every chance to lord it over the poor Freshmen. His special saying to Jack was, "Go home and have your mother spank you." This always brought to Jack's mind the first day and kept the desire for revenge fresh in his mind.

The day of the Freshman-Sophomore football game was a great day for Jack. He didn't look like a football player, but in spite of his lightness he made a very good quarterback. He was wiry and had a great deal of endurance. It was these qualities that enabl

him to make a 60-yard run to a touch-down in the last five minutes of a hard game. The touch-down did not win the game for the Freshmen, but it tied the score. What was more, this was the first time it had been done in five years, and Jack was the idol of his class.

A much more important contest was soon to be staged. That was the game of Dispatch Carrying. It was exclusively a Davidson game. The Freshmen worked as "carriers," the Sophomores as the "enemy." The carriers were given a dispatch which they must deliver to Colonel Davidson at his "headquarters" by the flagpole in the center of the campus. The carriers were given fifteen minutes to get away in. They must leave a trail of paper after them, as in Hare and Hounds, one piece of paper every two strides. After an hour they could at any time make a circle of pieces with their name and the time on a piece in the center that signified that they would be at the flagpole in an hour or they would not count. Each one of these pieces collected by the "enemy" counted a quarter of a point for them, each "carrier" whom they caught counted one point, the dispatch counted twenty-five points for the carriers if they brought it in and an equal amount for the enemy if they caught it. Each carrier who reached headquarters without being captured counted one point for that side.

The morning of the big game dawned cold and clear. Even at ten o'clock, when the dispatch was given out, there was a bite to the air. At the blast of the whistle Jack and his classmates tore down the road through the little belt of woods to the main road. Here they separated into two parties. Jack and his party did a half a circle about a mile in diameter, while the other party did the other half. The place where they met again was in a wooded stretch about a mile from the school.

"Come on. We've got to hurry," called Jack as he jumped the ditch and two strides in the woods dropped his piece of paper. "This won't hold them long," he confided to "Cherub" Morse, his lieutenant. "They'll search the sides of the road and quickly find our trail."

"Start to scatter, fellows," he called a minute later, and one by one his followers dropped off in different directions, according to their plan. Soon only Cherub and five others were with him.

They had been steadily going up hill and now they came out on the top of a precipitous hillside. Two of the five made blind trails, while the other three prepared a rope with which to go over the cliff. Jack and Cherub picked a place where the top of a huge pine came to within a few feet of the top of the cliff. A nicely judged jump and Jack was in the top of the pine. He climbed to one of the lower branches and then swung out on a branch of the next tree. In this fashion he went about fifty yards down the slope. Here he dropped to the ground and was quickly joined by Cherub.

"We've lost 'em for sure this time. They'll never come this far down the slope looking for the trail," proclaimed Cherub.

"I certainly hope not," replied Jack. "If they don't know when I'm coming I certainly ought to be able to get past the home guards."

Fifteen minutes later they came to a main road which crossed their path.

"Well, here's where we part," said Cherub. "Guess I'll go out in the road and see if any of the enemy are on the hill yet."

He then went to the far side of the road and looked upward intently. "Gee whiz!" he exclaimed. "They are up there already. I can tell Skeet by his red sweater. Great guns!" he suddenly exclaimed, jumping back to the shelter of the woods.

"What's up?" asked Jack.

"I believe they saw me. Skeet pointed my way. You beat it along in the woods and I'll let them see which way I go. So long."

With a wave of the hand Cherub set off down the road, while Jack plunged along in the bushes.

A few minutes later Skeet emerged on the road with another fellow. "This is where I saw him," declared Skeet. "Hurrah! There is his trail. It was Cherub Morse, and wherever he is Jack will be also."

"They couldn't have doubled, could they?" suggested his companion.

"Well, there's no one in sight in the other direction. Let's get started."

They started to follow the trail when they

heard an auto horn behind them. Skeet looked over his shoulder and then stopped, exclaiming, "There was somebody in the road that that auto blew for! I wonder if they could have separated. I'll bet that's what they've done. I'll go that way and see. You follow the trail."

Dame Fortune gave Jack a hard blow then. He had gone through the woods to a turn in the road. Then he looked out and saw Skeet and his companion away behind. He saw them start off in the other direction and then he stepped into the road. As luck would have it an auto came around the curve just then and its horn attracted Skeet's attention. Jack saw him turn and knew that he was discovered.

About six miles down the road there was a road leading back to the school. It would mean a run of twelve to fourteen miles, but Jack didn't dare go back to the school early in the game with Skeet so close behind. And he was a better distance runner than Skeet, so he chose that route.

On and on he went at a steady dog trot. Once on a straight stretch he thought Skeet had gained on him, but when next he saw Skeet he could not see any appreciable gain.

About three he came to the road leading back to the school. Skeet had made no noticeable gain and Jack felt capable for a lot more going. And so they went on, sometimes running, sometimes going at a fast walk.

About half-past four he saw that Skeet was catching up rapidly. Jack waited until he was within two hundred yards of him and then set out at full speed. Skeet was soon left away behind and Jack slowed down again. Suddenly he heard an auto horn behind. He turned in time to see the auto stop and Skeet get in. Now there was a rule that none of the players could use mechanical aid, for one year, long before, the carriers had used bicycles! The penalty for violating this rule was that, in a case like Jack's, he could go to headquarters free.

This rule flashed into Jack's head, but he resolved not to be caught anyway, so he jumped into the bushes, intending to make a sudden dash if Skeet started to follow him. To his great surprise the auto went right on past.

"He must be going to hide in the bushes and spring out on me, or else he is going to warn the home guards. Gee whiz! The old corduroy road is just over the hill. It joins this one further on. I'll go over to it and avoid being waylaid."

He followed this sudden inspiration and, after stumbling through the thick woods, came on the rough corduroy road. It was almost pitch dark and he often stumbled or tripped over a fallen bough. At last he reached the outskirts of the school property. Here he had to go more carefully. He got down on his hands and knees behind the stone wall that marked the boundary and crawled along in the absolute dark beside it. Every time a twig cracked he though he had betrayed himself. Boughs of trees swaying in the wind looked like hands reaching for him. Once a boy sat down on the wall right above his head, and he scarcely breathed until the boy got up and went on. At last he reached the border of the campus. Not ten feet away was the inner circle of guards. He heard one say to the other, "We've got eighteen and three-quarter points now. If they get the dispatch in, they'll have us."

"'Cording to my count there are only two left now."

"Good old Cherub," thought Jack, and then a thought flashed through his mind. "Shall I walk in and tell what Skeet did? That'll make victory sure for our side and I'll get it back on Skeet. His side will be awfully sore at him for losing the game for them. But gee whiz! I sure would like to carry it in after carrying it this far. I'd like to show the Sophomores we could win anyway."

Just then a terrible hub-bub rose from the other side of the campus. Shouts of "Help!" "There he goes!" "Grab him!" could be heard.

"Wonder if they've got the dispatch," Jack heard the nearest guard say, as hurrahs were heard.

"Poor Cherub," though Jack, "I am going to make a try at it. It is my best chance."

He stole out as silently as a shadow. The guard was too interested in the latest capture to pay much attention to his post, so Jack was almost past him before he was discovered. Quick as a flash Jack was off, but sixteen miles will tire anyone. He could hear that the man

(Concluded on page 14)

A MYSTERY ON THE GREAT LAKES

By W. M. C.

The piercing blast of the siren on the Stanton I, ore-carrier on the Great Lakes, announced her fortnightly departure from her berth at Marquette, Wisconsin. The long, flat carrier nosed her way slowly from the busy group of tugs and lighters and pointing towards open water, soon picked up speed.

Down in the engine room the electric lights reflected on the polished engine parts of the oil-burner. Before one of the big cylinders stood Ralph Gordon, second-assistant engineer, just out of an engineering college. His attention was distracted from the new piston which he was watching by a call from O'Donoughue, his "chief." The latter, encased in a suit of greasy overalls, was directing the actions of the assistant engineer.

"Gordon, how is the new piston working?" inquired O'Donoughue.

"O. K., sir. If it keeps up its present performance we'll dock at Cleveland on October 12th, after the usual ninety-hour run."

True to his prediction, noon of the twelfth saw the Stanton I being tied to her dock within the Cleveland breakwater. Ten minutes later Gordon had "spruced up" and was waiting for a trolley to take him to the Great Lakes Ore Transport Company's offices in the center of the city. Arrived there, he was ushered into the office of the vice-president, through whose influence he had secured his present position. Mr. Houston swung around and faced him.

"Do you know that fellow Conway who operates our electrical unloading crane, Gordon?" he abruptly began.

"No, sir."

"Well, I think it is best to transfer you to the position of assistant operator. It takes too much time to unload the ore; very frequently he isn't there by sundown, and as business is quite heavy now it is necessary for him to work overtime. You might be of some help to him, and with your engineering knowledge you should be able to learn the necessary operations very quickly. Will you accept the position?"

"Yes, sir, for although I like the work on the Stanton I, still it becomes somewhat monotonous and there doesn't seem to be any future ahead of it," replied Gordon.

"Then consider that settled, and come in and tell me what you think of it a week from today."

The big crane was already at work removing the reddish-brown ore from the Stanton's great black hole when Ralph Gordon arrived back at the wharf. He immediately sought out Conway, and then, donning overalls, joined him in the tiny operating cab which traveled back and forth over the long steel span, under which were small red mountains of ore.

"This is the hoisting drum, connected with the bucket, this the release, and this . . ." went on Conway, as he pointed out the various controls to his new running mate.

"Do you ever have to shift some of the ore already piled up?" Gordon interrupted him.

"Yes, frequently," was the reply. "It becomes quite difficult at night to operate the pesky thing, and sometimes so much ore is piled up that the extreme length of the crane has to be used and piles are made near that road which runs by the inner foot of the crane," Conway explained.

"How shall we manage for overtime?" queried Gordon.

"The best plan is to operate in shifts as soon as you have learned the ropes," replied the other. "I've had more experience, so for a while, at least, I had better do the night work, and too because the illuminating apparatus we use is not very efficient and brightens only the vessel and the immediate vicinity."

"That suits me," agreed Gordon. "You go off at two o'clock and relieve me at five."

So for a week the two were kept busy by the continuous influx of ore as the deep-hold lake steamers arrived loaded and departed empty. One morning Gordon again presented himself before the vice-president, Mr. Houston, to make his report.

"Well, Gordon, are you satisfied with your new position?" was the vice-president's greeting.

"Yes, sir, and I think it safe to say that there is enough work to require the employment of

at least two operators." Then he went into detail about the amount of work done and the various difficulties which had had to be overcome. When he had finished Mr. Houston glanced at a memorandum on his desk.

"I had a talk this morning with the head of the distributing department of the Winteger Chemical," explained Mr. Houston. "It seems that his company has been experimenting with a new formula which is said to affect iron ore and steel in a peculiar way. A small quantity of this chemical had been compounded, but for lack of very complicated and expensive machinery to fully test its properties, it was necessary to store the chemical for an indefinite period of time. The company's wareroom was considered the best place to store it, as no one, supposedly, had any knowledge of it. However, the Winteger Company has just discovered that the compound is missing, and they fear that the persons who have stolen it may find out its worth before the inventor can test it sufficiently to take out a patent. The reason that we were notified and that I am telling you about it is that the chemical company's plant is near our wharf and the road to the plant passes by the base of the unloading crane. They thought that possibly you had noticed a truck pass by last night, although the quantity of the compound was small and therefore easily able to escape detection. Have you any recollection of seeing anything like it?"

"No, sir, and very naturally, since I am off duty at five o'clock."

"That is all then—but no, wait a minute. You've had some experience on the Stanton. O'Donoughue's assistant is ill. Suppose you take his place, for the Stanton ought to leave Cleveland tonight. Two of the ore-carriers have been delayed by the heavy storms we have been having in the past couple of days and so Conway will be able to manage the unloading end without you."

"Then I shall be glad to act as substitute for O'Donoughue's assistant," acquiesced Gordon. So it happened that six o'clock that evening found Ralph Gordon in overalls in the Stanton's engine room. O'Donoughue shouted to him above the strident hum of the engines:

"This is a fine night to cruise around on the lake, this is, I don't think! That new piston that you put in near the front bulkhead might be shaken loose and act up on a night like this."

Sure enough, the Stanton was rocked that night as she had never been rocked before. To add to the whole a seemingly climactic touch of deviltry, about midnight the piston split.

Crash! Smash! Bam!

The engineer with a heave shut off the power. But the damage had been done, and both men were lucky to have escaped with their lives. As it was, the broken, madly whirling rod had wrought instant havoc. The passage grating near it had been ripped and slashed and twisted like so much paper, and a large jagged hole had been torn in the bulkhead separating the engine room from the main hold. If the latter had been full of ore, doubtless a veritable avalanche of the stuff would have poured into the enginee room.

The morning, following a night of plowing through choppy waves with an auxiliary engine furnishing reduced power, was spent in an inspection of the after-part of the ship. Gordon found it necessary to enter the main hold through a small hatchway near the rear end of the same to see if the internal bracing had been weakened. Five minutes sufficed to show him all he needed. Hurrying back to the engine room he sought out O'Donoughue and repeated to him that which Mr. Houston had related.

"And," he concluded, "there is a crushed container near the bulkhead and under it there is a hard, glistening surface made by some liquid. Evidently the roll and sway of the ship caused the liquid to form coat after coat on the bottom. Such a coating ought to make iron permanently rustproof without great expenditure of effort."

"Sure, then it must be that Conway had something to do with the loading of it," nodded the Irish engineer.

"Most likely, but we'll know positively by telegraphing the office as soon as we stop at Detroit," finished his assistant.

Gordon was back in Cleveland the next day as a result of the reply to his wire.

"Has everything been cleared up?" he asked the vice-president immediately upon entering his office.

(Concluded on page 29)

"SCRUBBIE"

By Harriette Bellah

"Hill's been hurt, fellows," said Coach Bradley, pulling off his red and black sweater. "We haven't any man like him. What shall we do?"

Consternation seamed the faces of all Haverford's team. Hill had been hurt—Hill, their star player, their quarterback.

"The only sub quarter we have is Scrubbie—he can't play," remarked Leech, the husky left end.

Scrubbie, a short, lean youngster of sixteen—freckled, red-haired, and good-natured—but with a temper—a real Irish temper when once aroused: yes, Patrick McGarretty — alias Scrubbie—was the only sub they had for quarter. He would have to go in.

"So far as I can see, fellows," Coach Bradley remarked as he started off, "Scrubbie will have to go in. If his temper is up, he'll fight and fight hard, and I think he'll do something. He's good material. We'll hope for the best anyhow and I'll go see him right away."

"Oh! we're dead-goners now," voiced Grant, as he kicked his shoe across the floor. "We won't have one chance in a thousand to win. Look at Westfield's team: McGraw, White, Riese, Burton—all veterans. Hill was our star, and now that he's out we won't be able to face them."

But one stalwart friend of Scrubbie's took his part.

"Well, he's got to play, and we might as well make the best of it. Help him out and treat him decent, for heaven's sake, or Bradley will have a fit. He's a good sport, anyway, Scrubbie is. He'll do his best for us."

* * * * * * * *

So it was that when the red and black team lined up at 2:00 that afternoon to meet the green and white, Scrubbie appeared in Hill's place and Hill was seen on the side lines.

The whistle blew and up the field came the green and white, sending the pigskin high in the air in a pretty, graceful curve. Straight down it came into Grant's arms and he plunged forward, but Westfield held like a stone wall and Haverford was stopped on its thirty-five yard line. Again and again the red and black plunged forward, but the end of the first quarter found Haverford still in their own territory on the forty-yard line.

The second quarter began. The first plunge shoved Westfield five yards further away from the coveted goal, and the red and black elected for an end run, supposedly. Bradley's team was to try their best trick. Now was Scrubbie's chance.

"16-31-47-26-43"—the ball came deftly back, landed, after a stealthy pass, into Scrubbie's hands, and he was off in a wide circle of the end, and he had a clear track . He dashed down the field, but he did not escape Westfield's captain. McGraw, because of his greater speed, gained on him and caught Scrubbie on the twenty-yard line, but Scrubbie dropped the ball and Westfield regained it. They immediately kicked out of danger, but the incident had its effect. Both teams were more alert, and Scrubbie's temper was up. He had made his first blunder, but silently he resolved that it would be his last.

The end of the second quarter found Westfield dangerously near the red and black goal, but the kick-off at the beginning of the third quarter only started another scoreless period. Something must happen! It did! The fourth quarter saw not only the end but also the beginning of things.

Westfield had Haverford on their thirty-yard line, and Westfield had the ball.

"Rah! Rah! Westfield! Yah-h-h-h-h!" urged Westfield's cheering squad, and it seemed as though they must score before the finish.

"Go to it! Go to it! Go to it! Haverford!" yelled the red and black, and their fighting blood boiled.

Westfield plunged three times and gained nothing—so tactics were changed. They elected for an end run to try to cross the line. Signals were barked, and White grabbed the oval and started, but Leech saw him, tackled, and brought him down on the twenty-yard line, minus the ball. Haverford had it. Kicking out of danger brought Haverford back to the center. A fumble and McGraw got the ball, but a blunder on his part again and Scrubbie regained it. His keen eyes glanced around.

(Continued on page 14)

SOMETIMES IT HAPPENS

By Florence Haas

It was a curious sight—those children, in couples and groups, and the lone man standing near the hurdy-gurdy and its player. Was it the novelty or the music which attracted the children? Perhaps it was both. But what attracted the man? It could not be the novelty, for, to a man born and brought up in New York's poorer sections, a hurdy-gurdy would not be a novelty. Neither could it be the quality of the music, for the sounds emitted from the hurdy-gurdy could hardly be called music. Then what was it that caused Fred Paige to pause at the curb in the midst of this group of children? What was he thinking about?

Fred Paige, whose eyes first opened in one of three small rooms in a New York tenement, from the time he could remember, had been passionately fond of music. Music of the great masters had always moved him—whenever he had had an opportunity to hear any, which was seldom. It had been his secret ambition, as a boy, to play a musical instrument. He was certain that with the emotions he knew were pent up in him, he could make the instrument cry or sing, as he felt. Even now, his thoughts went back to the day, so long ago, when he had cried bitterly because his mother had told him that she could not afford to buy him the violin he desired. At that time, his young mind had not been able to grasp the fact that, even though the instrument was small, still his mother had not the means with which to buy it. Only now, since he had small boys of his own, did he realize how it must have hurt his mother to refuse what he so longed for.

Struggling among the coarsest element, Fred, as a boy, had to conceal his finer feelings and emotions to fit in with the other boys. Thus it was that no one, besides his mother, ever suspected that he thought of music and other fine arts.

He had gone to work as soon as the law permitted, and, although the atmosphere in which he began to work was not one to spread refinement and culture, he had managed to keep himself simple and pure—perhaps much to the disgust of his co-workers. His evenings were spent at home with reading or at the Free Public Library with study. However, never had he been able to make music more to himself than a desire.

When he was younger, his problem had been to educate himself and to seek the best and highest. Now, his problem was to teach his sons to recognize the best when it came within their reach. It hurt him to think that one of his sons refused to play the violin. Paige wondered what **he** would have done had he been in his son's place. Would he have refused such an offer? His thoughts always would go back to the day when he had cried for a violin. He knew that there were many little tenement children who were craving the opportunity his son rejected. What should he do?

His mind had been so occupied with these thoughts that he had not noticed the children around him. Gay tunes were being ground from the hurdy-gurdy. Young children, ragged and dirty, stood around, some just curious, others allowing their feet to keep time with the tunes. Suddenly, a young boy of twelve or thirteen years, thin and pale, bounded forth from somewhere. In one hand he carried a violin and a bow. With the other he handed the man with the hurdy-gurdy the few pennies which he had collected for his violin music. Then he began to follow, with his violin, the popular tunes his father was playing on the hurdy-gurdy. Suddenly, however, with a look of disgust, he broke off and began to play strains from the old masters. His black eyes kindled as he skillfully plied his bow, while his father stood by in respectful silence. Fred Paige was amazed at both the occurrence and at the quality and power of the tones.

It lasted but a few minutes, then the boy stopped playing and sullenly eyed the crowd which had gathered. His father held out his hat. At this, the crowd began to disperse, and but a few showed that they noticed the hat by putting something into it. The boy and his father were moving away.

On the impulse of the moment, Paige grasped the boy by the shoulders and hugged him. The boy was startled and almost dropped his beloved instrument. Then Paige noticed that the same people who before had been blind to the hurdy-gurdy player's hat, stopped now

to watch his son and the man. Therefore he motioned to the boy to walk on with him.

In a secluded corner, however, he began to question the boy. The boy said that his name was Anthony Lucca, and that the man whom he called his father was not his father but a very good friend. Tony—as he was called—told Paige that his father had died in Italy and that this Italian had promised, at the death-bed of Tony's father, to care for Tony.

"But, Tony," asked Mr. Paige, "where did you learn to play as you do?"

"Ah," said Tony, "in Italy my father was thought to be a great musician. He played like a wizard. He had many pupils, but he liked to teach me. When he was very tired, after a day's work, he said it rested him to teach me. But he died. Oh, if I could only learn to play as he did! Then I would think that what he had begun was not in vain. But I have to play on the streets or else there is nothing to eat at evening." Then, as if fearing he had said too much, he resumed his sullen mood and eyed Paige suspiciously.

Paige studied Tony's face and then addressed the Italian in whispers. After a few minutes of conversation, Paige asked Tony, "Would you like to study music instead of doing what you have been? Would you like to be one of my sons? My little boy does not want to study music. Therefore I am willing to give you his chance. Perhaps when he hears you play, he'll regret and will want to study with you."

Paige, a man of great experience, was not prepared for the embrace he received from the small boy with the uplifted face. At first he thought the boy would faint from pure joy. Tony went home with Paige and was introduced to his new mother and brothers.

* * * * * * * *

It was a warm evening in June. A young man, in foreign-looking clothes, carrying a violin, mounted the steps and rang the door-bell of the home of Fred Paige. He was admitted by a maid, and softly walked into the library, which was lighted only by a lamp standing in a corner of the room. An elderly man sat reading by the light of the lamp. The young man walked in on tip-toe to the back of the chair and whispered, "Father." Instantly the man in the chair leaped to his feet and faced the newcomer. "Son!" he almost shouted, his face suffused with joy. For a few minutes, incoherent words and unanswered questions passed between the two. Then Mr. Paige asked, "How is Tony? Why didn't he come with you?"

"Oh, father, I forgot to tell you the best news of all. Tony signed a contract, two weeks ago, to tour Europe and then to make his debut in the United States in concerts. He has become famous and is much in demand in Europe, and I know he will make a success here."

"You don't look like a failure, my son," remarked the father.

"Not a failure exactly," he answered, "but I have learned to recognize the fact that the born musician is my superior. Tony was a musician fifteen years ago, when I refused to play. However, I've never yet regretted that Tony induced me to practice on my violin."

(The End)

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

Th' October sun was still high in the west,
And on a hill was Harold, armor dressed.
Around him were his Anglo-Saxon guards,
Whose deeds were later to be sung by bards.
Their ranks protect the king from hostile bows,
No spears can pierce their shields in triple rows.
The Norman charge comes thundering up the hill,
It sends through Harold's bones a deadly chill.
Led by the Duke of Normandy they come:
Some tramping steadily, some on the run.
Their weapons flash: they shout their battle cry;
Their banners wave: their horns bray lustily.
No arrow, howe'er swift, can pierce the ring
Of Saxon steel that closes round the king.
"Shoot high, so that your arrows turn and fall,
So reach the king, ringed by his liegemen tall."
The Duke's command heartens his warriors,
And Harold's guard falls off by threes and fours.
"To arms! To arms! They run! the day is ours!"

But Harold stems the rush and shows his
powers.
He kills four men and loudly shouts for aid.
The axes clash; his men fight blade to blade.
But now the arrows, falling from on high,
Kill many; one strikes Harold in the eye.
The leader falls; his men now turn and flee,
The hard-fought field is won for Normandy.

JACK DENHOLTZ.

THE SAXON KING

There sits the Saxon King beneath a tree,
Which spreads its foliage o'er his company.
Strong men they are, a strong and hardy race;
To give advice they're gathered in that place.
Here stands his Frankish wife in garb of blue,
A stately queen, a Christian woman, too.
One thing she yearns, and that with all her
soul;
To have the King a Christian is her goal.
Before them bishops of the Pope are placed,
With love benign and holy fervor graced.
With eagerness they show the King their
faith,—
Compare it with the heathen King's belief.
His full attention on the bishop's word,
The Saxons' chief believed it, as he heard.
The new religion pondered o'er and o'er,
For the white Christ abandoned then red Thor.
Exaltant, happy, stood the royal Queen,
Transported with the sudden change she'd
seen.

THE AEROPLANE IN WAR AND PEACE

I.

The aeroplane flies through the azure sky,
While men below by tens of thousands die.
Through shot and shell the pilots make a path,
No fear is in their hearts, at death they laugh.
Their cameras picture all the enemy's soil,
Their bombs help well the Reaper at his toil.

II.

The aeroplane flies through the azure sky,
Wild birds around it raise their woodland cry.
Far from war's terror, carrying freight and
mail,
Each day replacing more the Iron Trail.
So years will pass, worship to Mars will cease,
The aeroplane will fly through realms of peace.

JOHN A. HAMMOND.

(Continued from page 8)

behind was gaining, and others were running in to intercept him. He put every ounce of energy he had left into that run. Every second he expected to feel the hand of his pursuer on his shoulder. Desperation urged him on. Only ten yards now, five! He threw himself headlong at the feet of Colonel Davidson and reached for the dispatch inside his sweater.

Such a shout went up as Jack had never heard before. The Freshmen made a rush for him, but a number were thrown roughly aside by a big fellow and Jack found Skeet's hand extended toward him.

"That was a wonderful run you made," he said. "I made one last try and I was completely tuckered out. I stopped the auto and got a ride home or I'd be lying there still. You certainly deserve the victory."

"Gee, but I'm glad I played it out," Jack thought to himself.

(Finis)

(Continued from page 11)

The unexpected mistake had confused them all. There was but one fellow ahead of him. If he could escape him the way was clear.

Hugging the ball close he darted towards the goal posts. His one opponent bore down on him, but wiry little Scrubbie turned aside and was off again. Down the field he sped—the astounded team chasing him. Thirty more yards to go and McGraw was close behind him. He must make it! He must show Haverford that he could do it! He must uphold Hill's place! Faster and faster he flew. The white line was almost reached. With a final effort he made one leap and fell quivering on the other side of the goal—the ball safe in his arms. He had gotten there!

Shouts rose from everywhere. Everybody knew Scrubbie; everybody liked Scrubbie; but, nobody though he could play like that.

"Yah Scrubbie—Hurrah, Pat!" rang out from hundreds of lusty throats.

"Time!" yelled the time-keeper, and the game was over. Haverford had beaten Westfield—beaten her 6-0—and little Scrubbie—freckled-faced, red-haired Scrubbie—had been Westfield's undoing.

(The End)

"JOTS" OF SCIENCE

Editor's Note: The following were contributed by Barringer's Science Department. Any similar facts which might be interesting to the school in general will be welcome.

AN INTERESTING VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

The Danish Government has recently equipped and sent out from Copenhagen a research steamer which is to spend ten months in making a deep-sea study of the life and geography of the North Atlantic. The steamer, named the Dana, is equipped with two biological laboratories, and with instruments designed for deep-sea dredging, for surface collecting, for the detailed study of the plants and animals brought up in the dredges, and for the measurements of depths, pressures, etc. One of the instruments carried is a trawl-winch for trawling at great depths, carrying 10,000 meters of steel wire tapering from 14mm. to 7 mm. in diameter. A distinguished staff of Danish scientists is in charge of the expedition, and it is expected that their researches will add much to the interesting information already at hand concerning the marvellous animal life of the sea depths and concerning the mountains, valleys and other geographical features of the bottom of the North Atlantic Ocean.

GOLD IS DROSS IN COMPARISON

The Imperial and Foreign Corporation of London received last month from the government of Czecho-Slovakia a consignment of two grams of radium valued at about 70,000 pounds sterling. This radium was extracted from uranium obtained in the Joachimsthal mines in Czecho-Slovakia. For transportation to England it was distributed in nine glass phials, packed in a lead case 3 inches thick and weighing about 70 lbs., and the Foreign Office dispatch bag which contained the case was sealed by an official of the Czecho-Slovakia government. The radium, which is the largest amount that has been available at one time for British workers, was deposited at the British Foreign Office, whence it will be distributed in small portions as loans to hospitals, and rented to private physicians and sanatoria.

It is evident that the British Government regards this bit of radium as of national importance. This is due, of course, to the known curative properties of radium, and to the fact that scientists hope to find that it is far more widely useful than is at present known.

BOYS, STUDY FORESTRY

From "Science" we learn that "The continued steady depletion of the timber supply in the Appalachian region has led the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture to establish a new forest experiment station at Asheville, North Carolina. This is the first organization of its kind to be established in the eastern United States. The staff will be engaged mainly in silvicultural research to secure information greatly needed for the proper management of forest lands in order to insure a continuous supply of timber and other forest products."

A PRINCE WHO LOVES SCIENCE

It is interesting to recall that one of the most distinguished students of oceanography is the prince of the little principality of Monaco, who has visited this country several times, the last time being in 1920. The Prince of Monaco, who speaks English perfectly and has lectured before New York scientists, uses a vessel equipped at his own expense, manned by well-trained scientists, and provided with motion picture apparatus, the latter enabling the lecturer to show his audiences how the curious animals of the ocean depths look immediately upon reaching the surface before the lessened pressure and the comparatively dry air of the surface have destroyed them.

Does the water boiling in the locomotive make the coal tender?

SCHOOL NEWS

ASSEMBLY NOTES

On Tuesday, October 11, Columbus Day exercises were held in the Auditorium. Mr. Stearns read the Proclamation of the Governor issued on October 10, Fire Prevention Day. This proclamation set forth the huge losses caused by fire. Everyone was urged to cooperate with federal, state and municipal authorities to prevent this huge waste.

Mr. Stearns announced that the 4B American History classes prepared the program for the celebration of Columbus Day. Miss Harriette Bellah acted as chairman. Eli Silberfeld gave the "Scientific Background of 1492." Lester Hammond spoke on "Columbus—His Life as a Boy." Laura Edwards set forth "The Experience of Columbus in the New World."

Music was also a part of the program. The orchestra played as usual. In addition Miss Darnell played "Selections from First and Second Movements," Dvorak, and "Land of Sky Blue Water," Cadman.

Josephine Pellechia spoke on "Columbus—His Character." The exercises were closed with the singing of "America the Beautiful."

SENIOR ASSEMBLY NOTES

Dr. Crafts, the superintendent of the National Reform League, spoke to us on October 18 on "The Essentials of Manliness and Womanliness." The Seven Essentials which he elaborated are as follows:

1. Consideration for Others.
2. Good Vocabulary.
3. Courteous Independence.
4. Up-to-dateness of Knowledge.
5. Self-Control.
6. Chivalry.
7. Reasoning.

Dr. Crafts used the Boy Scout Movement as the best illustration of his "First Essential," since the motto, "Do a Good Turn Daily," is based on consideration for others.

The "Second Essential," according to Dr. Crafts, is linked to the "First," because, through "Consideration for Others," a person would not swear. Swearing is the sign of the lack of a "Good Vocabulary."

The most important "Essential" seems to be "Self-Control," since, to obtain this, one must refrain from drinking and smoking; two things which have vitally undermined the health of human beings. In closing, Dr. Crafts mentioned the "Carp Movement" now going on in Japan, which no doubt accounts for the wonderful achievements of the "Yellow People." This movement aims to have individuals think for themselves, an end for which the "American Democracy" has been striving.

On October 25, exercises were held in the auditorium to commemorate Roosevelt's Birthday and Americanization Day. The program was as follows:

"Roosevelt's Preface to His Own Autobiography" — Philip Berry
"American Creed" — The School
"America" — The School
Piano Solo—"From Wharf Land" Edward McDowell, Miss Darnell

B B B B

George Haight .....President
Mary Cairns .....Vice-President
Margaret Mahar .....Secretary
Philip Wood .....Treasurer

The first 4B meeting of the term was held October 6, at 2:15, in Room 37. Haight was re-elected president for the third time; Mary Cairns was "promoted" from secretary to vice-president; Margaret Mahar was chosen secretary, and Philip Wood re-elected as treasurer.

The 4B-4A Prom Committee will consist of Mary DeVausney, chairman; Harriette Bellah, Beatrice Kenny and Irene O'Crowley.

Percy Olton was appointed chairman of the Class Colors and Motto Committee.

This class intends to do much toward making its activities a success.

HI-Y CLUB

Willard Cummins .....President
Donald Bateman.....Vice-President
Raymond Buecklean .....Secretary

The Barringer Discussion Club, known as the Hi-Y Club, has been very successful this term. Every Tuesday evening, after a discussion of current topics and boy problems, a supper is served, followed by short talks from prominent business and professional men. Plans are being made for the annual post-football season banquet, at which many leading varsity college men are scheduled to appear.

Needless to say, the club is succeeding in its purpose. If you are interested in live wire discussion of up-to-the-minute problems, see any of the above officers about joining.

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

The French Club held its first meeting on Friday, October 7. The meeting began with an election of officers for this term. Julia Clement was elected president; Eleanor Reynolds, vice-president; Philip Freda, secretary. Mr. Crosse will continue to be treasurer.

A few French songs were sung, and then Mr. Crosse gave a short talk about his trip to France. As he followed the course described in "En France," there was very little need of any explanation. However, he told us about several of his interesting experiences.

SERVICE CLUB

A meeting of the club was called to order on October 11, at 1:30, by the president, Helen Ure. The secretary's report was read and approved. New members were introduced to the club. Irene O'Crowley was appointed as chairman of the Visiting Committee for the Crippled Children.

A second meeting of the Service Club was held in Mrs. Poland's office on Tuesday, October 25. The sale of maple syrup was discussed, and the girls were asked to sell as much as possible to their friends. . Some of the girls were selected to speak to their teachers about it. Our secretary, Edna Van Duyne, resigned because she has a class during the period that the club meets and is unable to attend meetings. Margaret Umlauft was elected to take her place. The Service Club girls are selling Barringer pennants and arm-bands, for a reasonable price, in front of the office every noon period.

ITALIAN CLUB

A regular meeting of the Italian Club was held on October 19, 1921. President Garfola presided throughout. The club has decided to run a "Barn Dance" in the near future. This is an innovation in Barringer and should prove successful. A motion was passed that a picture of Carlo Magno, a former member of the club, who recently died, be kept in the Italian Room.

Anselm Martucci, who recently returned from a tour of Italy, gave a talk on his experiences in Italy. Martucci, at Turin, in the royal palace, was asked by the Prince to talk about the study of the Italian language in the United States. Martucci particularly spoke about the Italian Club of Barringer High School. He told him that Barringer was the first high school in Newark to introduce Italian, and that efforts were being made to introduce the language into the other high schools. The Prince, through Martucci, sends greetings and congratulations to the Italian Club of Barringer. He expressed hopes that the work in the future would be even more illustrious than it has been. Martucci will soon give some lectures on "The Beauties and Conditions of Italy" and also on "His Impressions of Italy." Don't miss them, students; they will be good. The Italian Club feels very grateful to Martucci for the encouragement brought by him from the Prince.

SCIENCE CLUB

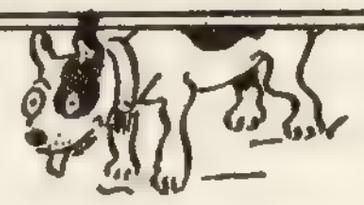
A regular meeting of the Science Club was held on October 28 in the Science Lecture Room. President Haight presided. The only official business was a report made by Eli Silberfeld, chairman of the Membership Committee. He said that the membership of the club was now 97, but expressed hopes that it would soon be 150.

The second part of the meeting was devoted to illustrated lectures and movies.

Laurence Burgyes gave an interesting and

(Continued on page 30)

ATHLETICS.



BARRINGER SHOWS PLENTY OF FIGHT IN CENTRAL TILT

Barringer's football team, this year, proved what many Barringer teams have proved time and time again in years gone by—that a team wearing the blue and white will fight, even if on paper the team is not to be conceded a Chinaman's chance. Barringer versus Central—why it was just like leading a lamb to slaughter, yet on the gridiron it was far from any such tame affair as that. Barringer's green team has been finding the going hard. Her contest with Paterson ended in a 0-0 tie, her scrap, with Phillipsburg ended in the latter's defeat, her battle with Lawrenceville was lost. So far Barringer was moving slowly. Central, on the other hand, touted as a foremost contender for state honors, had overwhelmed Montclair, South Orange and Bloomfield. So advance dope had it that Barringer was in for a very unprofitable afternoon. It was just a matter of how large a score Central would roll up, for surely Barringer was out of it. The first half was played in Central's territory throughout. For Central, no play was being executed properly; for Barringer—wow! Everything was going great. Barringer was fighting better than had seemed possible.

The playing of Barringer in the first half was very creditable—Avallone, Ciccone, Hopkins and Wiebe ran the ball all over the lot, and there was no stopping them. Hopkins gained thirty yards, and Avallone added fifteen more on the next play. A pretty forward pass, Wiebe to Townley, brought the ball to Central's fifteen-yard line and within scoring distance. Wiebe attempted a drop kick and missed it narrowly. The half ended a few seconds later.

The second half opened with Barringer kicking to Central's twenty-yard line. Barringer, still fighting, was not the Barringer of the first half. Barringer began to slow down in the third quarter, the weight of Central team was beginning to tell on the inexperienced youngsters. The heavy Central backfield made the gains which began to smash the Barringer line. The first touchdown was made by Kelly on a line plunge, after Central had started an aerial attack. Helbig was Central's big ground-gaining ace.

Helbig, in the fourth quarter, carried the ball over on a cross-buck and Gieske kicked the goal again. Barringer, fighting an uphill battle from the beginning, gained prestige in holding Central to two touchdowns.

The line-up.

Barringer		Central
Townley	L.E.	Kaplin
Jarvis	L.T.	Fox
Bergoffin	L.G.	Hodgins
Sliker	C.	Gieske
Harris	L.G.	Lustig
Mathes	R.T.	Bauman
Buechler	R.E.	Krueger
Ciccone	L.H.B.	Woerner
Hopkins	R.H.B.	Kelly
Avallone	F.B.	Avallone

Score by periods:

Central	0	0	7	7—14
Barringer	0	0	0	0— 0

Touchdowns—Kelly, Helbig. Goals from touchdown—Gieske (2). Substitutions—Barringer: Rodman for Buechler, Belfatto for Townley, Lemonjello for Harris. Central: Julian for Helbig, Helbig for Julian, Shapiro for Woerner. Referee—Madden, Yale. Um-

pire—Hall, Seton Hall. Head linesman—Rose, Temple University. Time of periods—eleven minutes.

BARRINGER DEFEATS DICKINSON 7-6

Captain Thum's kick after "Doc" Malanga's touch-down gave Barringer a victory in a loosely contested game. Dickinson had scored a touch-down, but Roepke, the visitors' fullback, missed the goal from the touch-town; and, as it later proved, the miss deprived Dickinson of a tie score.

The game was a poorly played one, and Dickinson gave our boys a tough battle. It was only by aerial attacks that Dickinson was able to make considerable gains. In the first quarter, after Barringer kicked from the twenty-yard line, Roepke ran the ball back twenty yards. Then Ray, the visitors' quarterback, reeled off thirty yards around end to Barringer's thirty-yard line. Then a forward pass, Tompkins to Roepke, brought ball on twenty-yard line. The quarter ended and Tompkins, in the second quarter, took the ball over on an off-tackle play.

In the second half Barringer kicked off, and Ray ran back ball fifteen yards to mid-field. Then Dickinson was penalized thirty yards for talking and holding. Dickinson, in an attempt to kick, lost the ball and Barringer recovered. Malanga made five yards through line, and Hopkins made it first down. Thum then passed ball to "Doc" Malanga, who was apparently to throw a forward. The backs tore to one side and the Dickinson players ran to that side to block the pass. Malanga pulled the unexpected and dashed around right end for Barringer's only touch-down. Thum kicked the goal, thereby giving Barringer the game.

Dickinson		Barringer
Witt	L.E.	Townley
Schockner	L.T.	Jarvis
Addes	L.G.	Bergoffen
Dwarda (Captain)	C.	Thum (Captain)
McAndrews	R.G.	Sliker
Nichols	R.T.	Matthes
Galvin	R.E.	Rodman
Ray	Q.B.	Wiebe
Tompkins	L.H.	Hopkins
Studinger	R.H.	Cicone
Roepke	F.B.	Avallone

BARRINGER DEFEATS SOUTH SIDE, 13-7

Barringer, in a fast played game, won the contest from South Side. Throughout the game our opponent had an attack of "dropsy" and Barringer took advantage of those costly fumbles.

Barringer kicked off, and South Side was downed on their forty-yard line. They made twenty-five yards through the line, and this brought joy to the South Side fans. But South Side fumbled and Barringer recovered. Woerner attempted a kick. It was partially blocked and Barringer recovered a fumble. On successive line plunges we gained continually, and then Wiebe, on a kick formation, ran forty yards around left end. Then by line plunges we advanced the ball to the three-yard line, and Ciccone took the ball over. Woerner kicked the goal.

In the second quarter, after Woerner's kick, South Side fumbled and Barringer recovered. End runs by Malanga and Wiebe brought the ball within striking distance, and Ciccone, for the second time, took the ball over on a line plunge. Woerner failed to kick the goal.

In the third quarter, from the middle of the field, South Side, by an aerial attack, brought the pigskin within striking distance, and Thompson, South Side's captain and fullback, took the ball over on a line plunge.

In the last quarter the ball swayed to and fro, but neither Barringer nor South Side was able to score.

BARRINGER NO MATCH FOR LAWRENCEVILLE PREP

On Saturday, October 15, Barringer journeyed to Lawrenceville and there suffered its first defeat, the final tally reading, Lawrenceville, 28; Barringer, 0.

Our opponents gained their points as a result of four touchdowns, two goals from touchdowns and one touchback. They completely outclassed our crippled team in weight, line and backfield, and never at any time gave us any chance of endangering their goal.

Although this defeat shows great cause for the improvement of our team, it is no cause for depression on the part of the team or the school. Let us give the team our loyal and enthusiastic support.

GRADUATE NOTES

Our wish came true when we wanted that magic carpet, on which we could travel all over to find former Barringerites. As we stood on that carpet we wanted to see what students were at Goucher. There we met Mildred Ammerman, '21; Dot Hobbs, '20.

Then we saw our "A. E. F." men—Gil Thornton and Bob Bishop—walking Dartmouth's corridors as they did Barringer's from 1916 to 1920.

As usual, Cornell seems to have many of us there: 'Member Ralph B. Urmy, Jr., Irving Beinstock, Harry Davis, the fair Miss Margaret Mashek? Can't keep girls out, can they?

Louis Huckman decided to pull teeth, so entered the N. Y. Dental College.

Columbia received Dave Poliakoff—the fellow who tickled the auditorium's ivory. Marcus Block followed Dave.

Louise Durand, "Liz" Wehner and Louise Urquhart are helping Vassar win fame.

Many of our graduates are trying to follow our faculty and entered the Newark Normal. Here's our future teachers: Dot Baldwin, '21, how to grow; Helen Benedict, '21, our next science teacher; Ethel Carter, '21; Eleanor Groves, '21, our great big girl; Blanche Stone, '21, teacher of smiles; Eda Ahl, our famous dancer.

We thought we made good use of our carpet, so before we wear our welcome out we'll just step off, after promising to use it again, soon!

Many of the Class of June, '21, have enrolled at various schools.

Junior College claims: Anna Dillingham, Mildred Green, Miriam Klein, Rosalie Lewitt, Marion Knight, Isabel Reed, Daniel Rosamilia, Ida Silidker, Emma Zeigler.

Princeton—Stuart Blodgett, Clement Golden, Albert Rosenberg.

Pharmacy appealed to Edward McKenna, Anna Fucci and Harry Friedman.

Cornell—Frank Chew, George Cohen, Joseph Sorotsky, Donald Hamilton.

Barnard—Eleanor Byers, Anna Berlinrut.

University of Pennsylvania—Wallace Fern, Meyer Fisch.

University of Vermont—Ralph Dawson.

Syracuse—Vincent Di Martino, Richard Bevenetto, Harriette Newkirk, Marion Marble, Frank Memoli.

Lehigh—John Olwine.

Stevens—Edward C. Brigden.

Vassar—Margaret Kohes.

New York University—George C. Owen.

Rensselaer—Robert Mezger.

Newark Technical—Fred Eitel, John Ruckelshaus.

Yale—Arthur Hyman, Robert Winans.

Normal—Minnie Arace, Margaret Ingols, Grace Garen, Aileen Powderly, Mary Crowe, Helen Finn, Ida Dill, Elizabeth Tielsch, Helen De Vita, Ida Lewis, Mary Manco, Madeline McMullin, Leonore Muller, Helen Mergott, Mildred Morris, Faustina Rizzolo, Jeannette Thornton.

Business—Phil. P. Fannan, Bessie Grossbach, Walter Junker.

Several have entered seminaries.

Lasell—Arline Alsopp.

National Park—Charlotte Stearns, Virginia Vliet.

Teachers College—Catherine Williams.

Alice Johnson has entered a Massachusetts prep school.

Fred A. Frost secured a scholarship at Williams, where he is delighted with college life, though the Sophs put him through some rare stunts.

Eleanor Byers won a scholarship at Barnard, where she has entered upon an A.B.-M.D. course.

Margaret Kohn suffered from a mild attack of typhoid fever in the late summer and there-

fore entered Vassar about a month after the opening of the term.

Charlotte Stearns is delighted with National Park Seminary, which bids fair to supercede Barringer in the first place in her affections.

Catherine Wicks, of Barringer, '20, and Helen MacConnell are now seniors in National Park Seminary, and Virginia Vliet is the fourth quartet who uphold the standard of Barringer there.

Mary Margaret Barr is in the Lycée de Jeunes Filles, Caen, France. She has not yet become fully accustomed to rising at 6:30 A. M., but she enjoys her work and her association with the other girls, French and American, of the school. After a year in France, she hopes to return to the United States and enter Vassar, where she was awarded, last summer, a place in the honor group of candidates for admissions to the college.

As has been previously noted, Robert Winans reflected credit upon himself and his alma mater by his very high standing in the entrance examinations which secured him a scholarship in Yale.

John Foster, of the class of 1918, is playing great football on the varsity team at Wesleyan, and has been recommended by his college for a Rhodes scholarship. We wish him unbounded success in his brilliant work.

At Princeton, Leverette Morgan, a former student here, and later a graduate of Phillips-Exeter, is doing excellent work in football, being mentioned in the newspaper reports as a strong member of the varsity team.

J. Warren Bellah, brother of Harriette of the present 4-B Class, is now a Junior at Wesleyan.

Fritz Nicklas is another of the boys who ably represent Barringer at Williams.

Walter Taylor, a Junior at Williams, was recently home for a short visit. He is majoring in mathematics and science. For exercise he plays soccer in the autumn, basketball in the winter, and baseball in the spring. He is manager of the Junior Dramatic Club, which carries with it the managership of "Cap and Bells" in his senior year. Walter is getting something of advantage out of all phases of college life.

Herbert Feldman, June, '21, is attending the Newark Normal School of Physical Culture.

Lillian Fryling, of '19, is a stenographer in the law offices of Collins & Corbin.

Charles Fryling, '16, was graduated from Lafayette, June, '20, and is now teaching and studying at New York University.

Max Goldstein, January, '21, is attending the New Jersey College of Pharmacy.

K. Earle Harper, '20, is in his sophomore year at Lafayette College. He has been very active on the track team. In his freshman year he made the varsity track team as a miler. At the present time on the cross-country team he is considered one of Coach Brice's star performers.

Following is the list of Barringer High School Men at Princeton with the activities of each:

1922—J. R. Berry; C. H. Frazier, Charter Club; E. Kilgus; R. S. Mapletoft, president of the Barringer High School Club in 1921; T. Riccardi, R. Sutton, E. H. Williams.

1923—C. Barkhorn, manager of the Freshman Swimming Team, vice-president of the Barringer High School Club in 1922, Dial Lodge; M. Berg, Freshman Baseball Team, Varsity Baseball Team; M. Kleinman; R. E. Marlott, Cloister Inn; A. R. Sherman, Freshman Wrestling Team, Dial Lodge; M. Unfried, Dial Lodge.

1924—C. E. Brewer; C. McKim, Freshman Track Team; J. A. Cairns, P. Becker.

1925—S. M. Blodgett; C. H. Golden; A. A. Rosenberg; L. J. Wallace, secretary of the Barringer High School Club in 1925.

Of these graduates R. S. Mapletoft has been placed in the "High Honors" class by Princeton authorities, and Morris Berg, Charles E. Brewer and Morris Kleinman have won positions in the "General Honors" group. This is a credit not only to the men but to Barringer as well. A member of the Princeton Faculty has written to Mr. Stearns, congratulating him on the excellent work being done by Barringer men.

Clifford Higbie and Gibbons are studying dentistry at the University of Maryland, Baltimore.

Julia Clark, '16, a former editor of The Acropolis, after graduating from Wells College and taking a year of graduate work at Yale, is teaching in New York State.

ROBERT METCALFE, Ch.
GORDON HART

DOT. BENJAMIN

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Pivot," Central High School, Newark, N. J.
"Valkyrie," Somerville High School, Somerville, N. J.
"Newton School News," Newton High School, Newton, N. J.
"Spectator," Columbia University, New York, N. Y.
"High School News," Morristown High, Morristown, N. J.
"Maroon," Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.
"Brown and White," Lehigh College, Bethlehem, Pa.
"Sunrise," East Side High School, Erie Pa.
"Parrot," Irvington High School, Irvington, N. J.
"Parnassian," Passaic High School, Passaic, N. J.
"Yale Alumni Weekly," New Haven, Conn.
"Speed Up," Submarine Boat Corporation, Newark, N. J.
"The Cornellian Council Quarterly," Cornell University.
"The Wesleyan Argus," Middletown, Conn.
"The Karux," Phillipsburg High School.
"The News," East Orange High School.
"The Orange and Blue," Millville High School.
"The Targum," Rutgers College.
"Yale News," New Haven, Conn.

The "Pivot" is a high school paper of unusual appearance. We praise especially your excellent cuts. Your "Pivotickles" are very well gotten up, but we note the omission of an Exchange Department.

Your "High School News" is very good, Morristown, so far as it goes—but why not put forth an effort to enlarge. You should be able to secure enough material for a fairly large weekly. Advertisements will help finance it if you have a good circulation.

The "Parnassian" is very good throughout and is to be praised for its life and pep. How do you get those ads? Drop us a hint, will you?

We thoroughly enjoyed the October issue of the "Sunrise." Your vocational department should prove very practical and helpful. The cuts and cartoons are good, but we would suggest the addition of a few more jokes.

This month's is an entertaining number of the "Parrot." Its school spirit is very commendable and the notes are appropriate and interesting. A few cartoons or cuts would add life to your paper.

The "Valkyrie" is a very good school publication. All the material is good and is well edited. Just a few suggestions. Why not group School Notes under a separate head; why not have an Exchange Department; why not place cuts at the top of the page—it adds to the appearance?

"The News," Each Orange High School.—Your paper is the snappiest we have received for a long time. A little better arrangement of material would help "The News," however.

"The Orange and Blue," Millville High School.—An excellent paper from beginning to end. The "Foolish Follies" article is especially good. Why not enlarge your literary department?

"Newton School News."—This paper is surprisingly good for a first number. We must especially praise the very neat appearance of the entire issue. Some jokes would brighten up the "News" a good deal.

(Continued on page 29)

RELATIVITY AS APPLIED TO VERGIL

The teacher was finishing his exposition of Trojan genealogy. It lacked only five minutes of the end of the period, and there still remained ten lines of Vergil to be translated. The chronic derelicts and a few of the casual sort were noting the tragic deliberation of the minute hand on the official time-piece. More than one silent prayer was offered to the gods that they might intercede for the storm-tossed wayfarers. If they could only stall through that short—but too long—five minutes?

Teacher, summing up: "And so you see, Romulus, the first Roman king, was a direct descendant of Aeneas, the Trojan hero, for whom you are coming to feel such deep affection. Smith, you may translate."

Smith—all in, that is to say, hanging on the ropes—he doesn't know a word of the next sentence—slowly rises. He is thinking hard and desperately. An inspiration!

"May I ask a question first?"

Teacher: "Yes, if it is urgent."

Smith: "Would it be correct to call Aeneas the grandfather of Romulus?"

Teacher: "Entirely proper. As there were three hundred and thirty years between them—about thirteen generations—Aeneas might be called a twelfth-degree grandfather. You may translate."

Smith (with a hopeless glance at the clock): "Will you please explain the relationship of Venus to Mars? I don't exactly understand it,"

Teacher (icily): "In the family of the gods she was regarded as his sister." Then, caustically, "Smith, your interest in classic relationships is most engaging. You may translate."

Now, Mary Jones was by nature tenderly sympathetic. She sensed Smith's predicament and pitied him. Moreover, she had been elected to go to the football game with him that afternoon, and she did not intend to have any detention room appointment interfere with her escort's liberty. Assuming her sweetest smile she raised her hand. Whereupon the teacher, resignedly noting the time, surrendered.

"What is your question, Mary? Be brief, please."

Mary: "It sounds funny, but I am so interested! Then Aeneas was the nephew of Mars, wasn't he?"

Teacher (wearily): "Naturally so. Very original, Mary. That is good enough for the Acropolis."

Mary saw that the haven was in sight—only two minutes of the period left. So she used no undue haste as she continued her elucidation.

"If Mars and Venus were brother and sister —and—and—if Romulus was the son of Mars, if—if Aeneas was the son of Venus, why, of course, Romulus and Aeneas were cousins. But you just told us that Aeneas was the great —great—great—" speaking with deliberation worthy of the majestic theme and checking off on her fingers to insure accuracy, until the twelve generations were accounted for—"great grandfather of Romulus. Then—but it seems so impossible!—Aeneas must have been the twelfth degree grandfather of his own cousin. But it doesn't sound right."

Teacher (somewhat dizzily): "Mary, your logic is correct, even if the conclusion seems absurd. But we must finish the lesson. Smith, you may——"

But the clock, with a quizzical smile on its round face, interrupted and the period was over.

The next assignment included the last ten lines of that day's lesson.

In the corridor Smith thanked Mary for her intervention: "Gee, Mary, you are some life-saver."

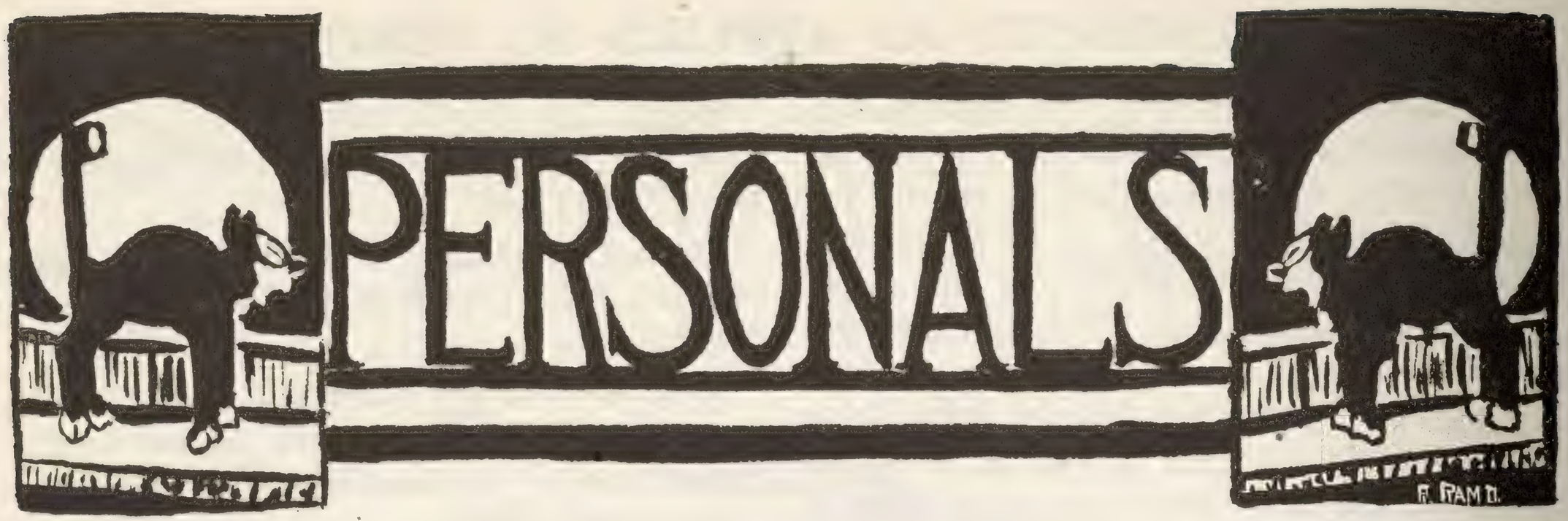
Mary: "You are under no obligations at all, Henry. I didn't know the last part of the lesson either. If you had flunked, I might have been called on."

Smith: "Then it was mighty lucky the bell rang when it did."

Mary: "Oh, I don't know. I guess I could have used up a few minutes more if it had been necessary. Did you know that Romulus was a great-great-and so forth-grandson of his Aunty Venus?"

Mary and Henry had a delightful time at the game.

At the next class election Mary was made class historian.



"I wonder why those girls didn't answer us when we spoke to them?"

"Oh, I expect they're telephone girls."

"This is their wooden wedding anniversary."

"I suppose they can't help thinking what dumb-bells they were to get married:"—Life.

"I understand you have a new automobile. Do you drive it?"

"No! We coax it along."

Letter to the Dean: My son will be unable to attend school today, as he has just shaved himself for the first time.

Warden: "What is your last wish?"

Condemned Man: "I want to learn how to speak Chinese."

Customer (with week's beard): "Do you think that old razor will do it?"

Barber: "It will, sir, if the handle don't break."

"Bill shows a deplorable lack of judgment."

"Why?"

"He tried to sell a rhyming dictionary to a popular song writer."—Life.

Lunch Room Notes

Sichel: "Why do you shovel food into your face with a knife?"

Two-handed Feeder: "Because they won't let me use a bricklayer's trowel unless I can show a union card."

Barnyard (in biology): Way back in the future, birds were fishes.

Notes From 99

Mr. Saylor: "What is velocity?"

Stude: "Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with."

Heard in 75

Miss Romer: "Willie, how many kinds of flowers are there?"

1B: "Three, teacher."

"Indeed? And what are they?"

"Wild, tame and collie!"

Teacher: "What is longitude?"

Stude: "A clothesline."

Teacher: "Please explain."

Stude: "Because it stretches from pole to pole."

The man with the cornet seemed to be spoiling the harmony, so the leader stopped the music and inquired what the trouble was.

"I don't know vot der matter is," was the reply. "I blew in it so sweetly and yet it come oudt so rotten."

Among the 1A's

Question on civics exam: "What did the constitution do for you?"

Answer: "It done me good."

Mr. Perry: What do you expect to be when you get out of college?

Bill: An old man.

Life

Sociology Prof. (to student): "I can't blame you for looking at your watch while I'm lecturing, but I do object to your holding it to your ear to make sure it hasn't stopped."

For Sale: A Guernsey cow, gives good quality milk, also rope, pulleys, stoves and refrigerators.

Jessie: Mary has a noisy haircomb, hasn't she?

Leone: Yes, it certainly has a bang.

Almeda: How long did it take you to do your French?

Ruth: It took me one Latin and one history period.

A: Did you ever fool with the stock market?

B: No, I was in earnest. The stock market did the fooling.

A senior saw a patch of green,
He thought it was the Freshman Class,
But as he nearer drew to it,
He found it was a looking glass.

Harlan: Henry Ford ought to write an autobiography.

Fairlie: That would be a rattling joke.

1A: So your brother has the measles? When are you going to have them?

1B: When my brother gets through with them, I suppose.

The jocular old party was about to board a street car on a pouring wet day. "Ah, conductor," he asked, "is this Noah's ark of yours full?"

"No, sir," replied the conductor, "there's just room for the donkey. Come on, sir."

A gossip is one who can make a mountain out of a mole hill and then bring it to you.

M. D.: "Ahem! Very serious case, sir. Your wife's mind is completely gone."

Henpecked: "It doesn't surprise me, sir. She's been giving me pieces of it for the last fifteen years."

Wanted

"A young man to undertake the sale of a new medicine. Guaranteed to be profitable to the undertaker."

COME ON!

(Tune "Jingle Bells")

Come on, cheer! Come on, cheer!
For our team, hurrah!
They will fight
For all their might,
But we must show the way.
So! Come on 'round! Come on 'round!
Let them know we're here.
Give them a shout
That will ne'er wear out,
And the result we'll never fear.

A Freshman's Song

I'd like to be a Senior,
And with the Seniors stand!
A fountain pen behind my ear,
And thesis in my hand.

I would not be an emperor,
I would not be a king—
I'd rather be a Senior
And never do a thing.

"How can I cure my husband of smoking?"
"If he buys cigars here, he will be cured."

Practice Makes Perfect

Doctor: You cough more easily this morning.

Patient: I ought to! I practiced nearly all night.

Mary's Motor Car

Mary had an automobile,
Propelled by gasoline,
And everywhere that Mary went,
She rode in this machine.

The auto struck a stone one day,
And from its course deflected.
Doctor says that Mary's doin'
As well as could be expected.

NOTES FOR THE ACROPOLIS

There is a strong impression among the pupils that they will not be the only ones in school to be linguistically handicapped during Good English Week.

One Bee: "Why is Mr. Gardener way downstairs so far away from Mr. Fields?"

Two men by the wayside sat,
And both bemoaned their lot;
The one, because he'd buried his wife,
The other, 'cause he'd not.

Mrs. Clark: "Frances, you'd better not go to that dance tonight, because it is raining and your rubbers leak."

Frances: "That's all right, mother, I have pumps on."

Freshie: "Pop?"

Popper: "Huh?"

Freshie: "If a lad has a step-father, is the boy a step-ladder?"

Steward (on board boat): "Your lunch will be up in a minute, sir."

The Sir: "So will my breakfast."

Sliker: "I passed Cicero today."

Dad: "Did he speak?"

Heard in Geometry

Hypothesis to prove:

A rotten potato.

A rotten potato is a beehive.

Proof:

A rotten potato is rotten 'tater,
A rotten 'tater is a spec 'tater,
A spectator is a beholder,
A bee-holder is a beehive.

A rotten potato is a beehive.—Q. E. D.

Mr. Ellis: "If a grocer sold twelve pounds of butter at 79c per pound, how much should he get?"

Virginia Mitchell: "Three years."

Miss Brettle: "And what is an egg?"

Gilbert: "A chicken not yet."

Mr. Stearns (giving instructions for use in case of fire): "And if your clothing catches fire, keep cool."

Noon: "I had a nightmare last night."

Alice: "Yes, I saw you with her."

Bill: "Well, I must be off."

Harlan: "So I noticed a long time ago."

Ruchelhaus: "Odd, isn't it?"

Wehner: "What?"

Eric: "No matter how hungry a horse is, he can't eat a bit."

Heard in the Lunch-Room

Demonkos: "I don't see what the fellows are kicking about, this soup tastes all right."

Jervis: "That's just it—the cook insists that it is coffee."

Pupil (translating): "Then Cupid, in the guise of Ascanius, hung himself on the neck of Aeneas."

Teacher: "Don't forget this is Good English Week . It would be much better to say—ah—'Cupid draped himself about the neck of Aeneas.' You must avoid handing out—I mean, perpetrating—rubber stamp—as it were, literal—translations; in Vergil they are apt to sound fierce—or absurd, to put it more formally."

Kindly teacher, boosting a reluctant pupil over a mis-translation of the list of presents that Aeneas gave to Dido: "No, Perkins, 'velamen' does not mean a pair of gloves. It means a veil. What is a veil?"

Perkins, doubtfully: "Why—it's a sort of mosquito netting for a woman's face."

Kid: "How old is that lamp, ma?"

Ma.: "Oh, about three years."

Kid: "Turn it down. It's too young to smoke."

"May I hold your Palm Olive?"

"Not on your Life Buoy."

Mike: "My plane fell in the Alps and I was lost for a week."

Ike: "Didn't you freeze?"

Mike: "Oh, no; I landed on a mountain range."

Hammond was purchasing a hat. The clerk looked at the sizes of the hats and then at Hammond.

"About eight?" he said.

"No, really," said John, "I think one will be enough."

It is reported that Noon and Gilbert got their tonsils sun-burned, watching aeroplanes at Heller's Field."

Artist (to prospective patron): "Fond of pictures?"

Patron: "You bet! Seldom miss a night."

Bobby: "My math teacher doesn't know good English."

Mr. Metcalfe: "Why?"

Bob: "He says, 'Pie are square' when he ought to say, 'Pie is round.'"

Doctor: "Did that medicine straighten your husband out all right?"

Wife: "Yes, we buried him yesterday."

He: "Your cheeks are like roses."

She: "That's laying it on pretty thick."

He: "Well, rub some of it off."—Tiger.

He: "Have you had any experience in gym work?"

She: "Well, I've danced with lots of dumb-bells."—Ex.

Bystander (to wrecked automobilist): "Didn't you stop, look and listen?"

W. A.: "Sure I did. I stopped dead on the tracks. The next thing I saw stars and heard the angels whispering."—Tiger.

A.: "You know when I read about these wonderful inventions in electricity and all that, it makes me think a little."

B.: "Wonderful thing—electricity."

"Her dark eyes, the windows of her very soul, grew large with anguish, and——"

"Ha! The dear girl had growing panes."

—Ex.

"Alas, he has fainted away."

"Fear not, I'll bring him to."

"Bring three, I'll have one myself."

"He had a terrible accident."

"How come?"

"He was describing a boat race and he broke both of his elbows."

Lichel: "Ike Newton had the dope when he went to college."

Dippel: "How's that?"

Barnard: "They say he used to put quick-sand in the professors' hour-glass to shorten the hour."

Don: "How do you know cigarettes are bad for the wind?"

Dan: "Why, haven't you noticed that a fellow who smokes is always puffing."

He (to her): "You seem rather distant to-night."

She (to him): "Well, your chair isn't nailed to the floor."—Ex.

"What is auto-intoxication?"

"It's the only kind you can get legally."

First English Prof: "It's a disgrace the way my students hash Bacon."

Second Ditto: "That's nothing; my pupils always roast Lamb."

"Prickly pear," said Noah, as the two porcupines came on board.

Anne: "I know a man who lost a hundred pounds in ten minutes."

Bob: "How's that?"

Anne: "Horse race in London."

Gordon: "Ever hear the story about the golden fleece?"

Gene: "No, do they bite?"

Eleanor: "You know, conversation is a dead art."

Dot: "Yes, it was talked to death."

Noting the craze for "descriptive" signs, we offer a few suggestions:

For the minister: "Twenty knots an hour, our record."

For a lawyer: "We furnish the Liberty Bonds of matrimony."

For a dentist: "Visit our drawing rooms."

For the automat: "Put and take."—Tiger.

October is not the time to buy thermometers. They are bound to go down.

Mary to Perry: "No, we don't live in Roseville. We live down near the lake. Drop in some time."

Hammond: "Yes, I was a freshman, too. Some of the happiest years of my life were spent as a freshman."

Take It Away

She: "I suppose you had a pleasant sea voyage?"

He: "Oh, yes. Everything came out nicely."

Bob: "Dad, are trousers singular or plural?"

Mr. Scott: "Well, I'd say that if you have a pair, they're plural; but if you didn't have a pair, I'd call that singular."

Stockman: "This coffee tastes like mud.

Cross: "The waiter says that it was ground this morning."

Mr. Haggett: "What is the Hague Tribunal?"

Boxer: "The Hague Tribunal ar——"

Mr. Haggett: "Don't use "are," use "is."

Boxer: "The Hague Tribunal isbitrates national controversies."

Mr. Stevens: "Jarvis, give me three words ending in "ous" and give their meaning."

Bob: "Dangerous—full of danger; famous—full of fame, and pious—full of pie."

"I have a few more points to touch upon," said Brown, as he scrambled through the barb-wire fence.

Byrne: "Doctor, I hear strange sounds in my ears."

Doc: "Where would you expect to hear them?"

George: "Ever hear the story about the fountain?"

Irving: "No, spring it."

Sum: "How do you define 'black as your hat'?"

Bum: "Darkness that may be felt."

Read the following sentence: "All 0."

"Nothing after all."

Dusenbury: "Yesterday I saw a cow that shimmied."

Berry: "Ah! The original milk-shake."

Rub: "What's the scientific name for snoring?"

Dub: "Sheet music."

Bob: "I heard that we're here to help others."

Mr. Averill: "That's right, son."

Bob: "Well then, what are the others here for?"

Lichel: "The cold weather chills me to the bone."

Melee: "You should wear a hat."

"Loses suit when girl he wooed spurned him."—Daily paper.

Mr. Hart: "That's strange. A black cow eats green grass and gives white milk, which makes yellow butter. Now, why is the milk white?"

Voice in rear: "It's the tin that makes the milk pail."

"Music Hath no Charms" Here

Teacher: "John, name an organ of the body."

Johnny: "The teeth."

Teacher: "What kind of an organ is a tooth?"

John: "A grind organ, ma'am."

HOW TO MAKE SOME MONEY

Agreeable and refined way for girls to make extra pocket money *Write,*

LOIE HAT PATTERN CO.
11 EAST 35th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from page 10)

"It certainly has, and then some," was the laughing reply. "Conway was so proud of his part that he told everything when he saw that it would do him no good to remain silent. This is the way he explained it. The chemical container was brought to the ore piles beside the road by truck and hidden under the ore until the Stanton was almost unloaded. Then, so as not to arouse suspicion, Conway manoeuvered the crane as if repiling the ore, but in reality he scooped up the container with some ore. Once dropped into the carrier's hold on a loose pile of ore, it was very easy for the assistant engineer to fasten it to a cross section of the bulkhead after everyone had left the hold. But he did not count on his being taken so sick that he could not pass it to his Canadian friends while passing through the St. Mary's Canal. Those friends had the means of analizing it and then intended to take out a British patent on it if the inventor succeeded in obtaining a United States patent before them. However, their little scheme didn't work after all."

"Then we are just where we started from," put in Gordon.

"Not at all," the vice-president answered. "The discovery of this compound will increase the output of Cleveland's steel manufacturers, and consequently increase the influx of ore. Since you had a part in it, you will be manager of all the unloading equipment from now on. As such you cannot help but succeed."

"Thanks," waved Gordon, leaving the office.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

Any Thursday afternoon the girls' hockey teams can be seen playing in the park. The call for candidates met with great success. We now have two fine teams, with Harriette Bellah captain of one, and Helen Ure captain of the other.

On the afternoon of October 27 a spirited game was played, the score being 5 to 3 in favor of Miss Bellah's team. It has been suggested that the girls name their teams. So far, however, no names have been chosen, but we shall await results, which will, no doubt, be interesting.

(Continued from page 22)

"The Karux," Phillipsburg High School.—Your "Service," "Thrift" and "Unknown" departments are quite original." It would be an improvement, we think, to collect all the jokes and put them under one heading.

Our exchanges with colleges for this month include the Lehigh "Brown and White," Colgate "Maroon," Columbia "Spectator," "Yale News," "Yale Alumni Weekly," "Cornellian Quarterly," "Wesleyan Argus" and Rutgers "Targum." All are papers of high standing and serve to give us a better appreciation of what a paper edited by students can really be.

OUR GRADUATES

Betty H. Holland, Chairman

After a term at the South Side Junior College, Sylvia Rosenstein has decided to go to Normal. The profession can't be so bad after all.

Joe Pechenick, of the firm "Sorotsky & Pechenick," has entered N. Y. U., while friend Sorotsky has enrolled at Cornell.

Grace Cairns is trained . . . that is, she is a regular trained nurse already. Won't she have fun?

Marcus Block entered Cornell this term. Oh, you Froshy!

'Member Esther Lefkowitz? Well, she's a "reel" teacher now. Yes, sir, Esther is at Abington.

Ruth Eddy, a Barringer girl and Barringer Summer School history teacher, teaches that subject down in Hightstown High School, N. J.

Funny the way some friends always manage to stick together, isn't it? Here is Florence Taylor and Isabelle Towne both toiling industriously for the Mutual.

N. B.—This is not the Mutual Grocery Stores but the Mutual Benefit Insurance Co.

Jack Olivine, one of our "B" men, you know, informed us of his intention to "enlist his services" at Lehigh this fall.

Kathrine Douglass is seeking knowledge in a course at "Wheaton," where Jean Luts is now a junior.

John Jennings is making good at Wesleyan. He is a member of the Alpha Chi Rho fraternity.

Miss Sarah Block
Tutoring
117 Bloomfield Avenue, Newark
SPECIALTY—MATH.
Tel. B. B. 5818

L. A. CAPRIO
Forest Hill Bakery

A.G. SPALDING & BROS. TRADE SPALDING MARK EST. A. D. 1876 REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Spalding for Sport
Whether you play foot ball, basket ball, or indulge in any athletic sport, Spalding implements will give most satisfaction.
Send for catalogue
A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
589 Broad St. Newark, N. J.

Imported and Domestic Cigars
Dunhill Pipes
Apollo Candies
CIRCULATING LIBRARY
MT. PROSPECT
Cigar and Stationery Store
669 MT. PROSPECT AVENUE
NEWARK, N. J.
Tel. B. B. 3287

(Continued from page 17)

instructive talk on Photo Engraving. By means of illustrations he explained the various steps employed in this occupation.

Insdorf gave a very amusing talk on toys, showing quite a selection of them. He discussed the manufacture as well as the mechanism of them, while Mr. Saylor explained the physical details involved in working the toys.

Then a few interesting movie reels were shown. These were of great educational value. The first was on Electroplating. The others were "Transplanting the Big Trees" and "The Mosquito and the Flea."

The meeting was very interesting, and all those present were well pleased with the entertaining program.

RADIO CLUB

An organization meeting of the Radio Club was recently held. Election of officers was the main issue. The two officers elected are, president, Maxwell Rice; secretary, Eugene Frey.

Plans were discussed to arrange some interesting programs. The Radio Club intends to give many demonstrations in the future, which will, no doubt, attract a great many new members. The Radio Club is closely connected with the Science Club, and all members of the Science Club are eligible to membership in the Radio Club without any further dues.

Last term the Radio Club was quite successful in having some fine programs, but it is our intention this term to surpass by far the activities of last term. So watch for announcements of the club, fellow stewed ones, and attend the meetings. They will afford you great pleasure and profit.

SPANISH CLUB

A short but interesting meeting of the Spanish Club was held on Wednesday, October 19, 1921. After the regular routine of business was gone over, Mr. Crosse, who travelled through Europe this summer, gave an illustrated lecture on "Bull Fighting in Spain." The lecture was very interesting, expounding this brutal sort of enjoyment in a very fitting manner. The Spanish Club is very grateful to Mr. Crosse for this lecture.

CHEMISTRY CLASS EXCURSION

On November 3rd, the Chemistry students went on an excursion to the plant of the Seaboard By-Products Co., Jersey City. About one hundred and Messrs. Dumm and Saylor and Miss Tunstead went, comfortably filling two large trolleys.

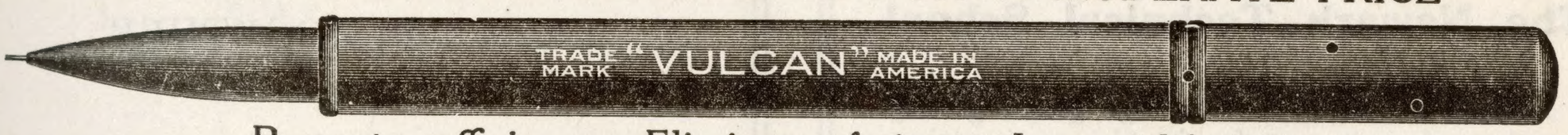
On arrival at the plant, the party was split up into groups of about twenty each, and a guide showed us through the plant. As each party did not see the same things, we will describe the processes used. Bituminous (soft) coal is first powdered and then put into a coke oven, where it is heated to red heat without air, so that it does not burn. The gas given off is collected in a large main over the ovens, and by cooling and gravity, coal tar is separated from the gas. The gas is then further purified and sold to the Public Service. The tar consists of about half water and half tar. This is separated by gravity and the ammonia removed. The tar is sold and the ammonia is mixed with sulphuric acid and sold in the form of ammonium sulphate for fertilizer. The main product of the plant, however, is Koppers coke, which is withdrawn from the ovens and placed in a car with a slanting bottom. This car is run under a tower and 8,000 gallons of water poured on it. The coke is then placed on a belt and taken up into a tower, where it is screened and put into hoppers, from which it is drawn by trucks for delivery. Each person on the excursion received a piece of coke and a bill hook from the company. The trip was very interesting and worth the time spent upon it.

Partington: "How can I ever get a letter?"
Dippel: "Buy a stamp and write one."

Telephone Connections B. B. 4031 or 7352

H. SPECKMANN & CO.
HOME MADE
Ice Cream and Fine Candies
677 MT. PROSPECT AVENUE
NEWARK, N. J.
Families, Parties, Churches, Etc., Supplied
All Orders receive prompt and careful attention

VULCAN INK PENCIL
"Made Right to Write Right"
A SERVICEABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT AT A MODERATE PRICE



Promotes efficiency—Eliminates fatigue—Lasts a life-time.
Hard Rubber Holder with Gold Stylo Writing Point.
Red or Black—$1.50—Long or Short
BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL DISTRIBUTOR
WISTAR REEVE—Room 36

Founded 1888 (Day Dept., Dwight School, 1880)
NEW YORK PREPARATORY SCHOOL
NEW YORK SCHOOL
72 PARK AVENUE
Bet. 38th and 39th Sts.
BROOKLYN SCHOOL
Cor. Franklin and Jefferson Aves., 2 Blocks from Fulton
Chartered by the Board of Regents
Prepares Specially for REGENTS and COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS
Enroll Now 26,000 Graduates Modern Methods
Inquiry for further particulars, also catalog, and Success in Regents and College entrance examination.

Self Preservation

is the First Law of Nature

The First Law of Success is Money Preservation!

The Bank Account is the best means of accumulation.

Open each business day at 7:45 A. M.

City Trust Company

122 ROSEVILLE AVE.

NEWARK

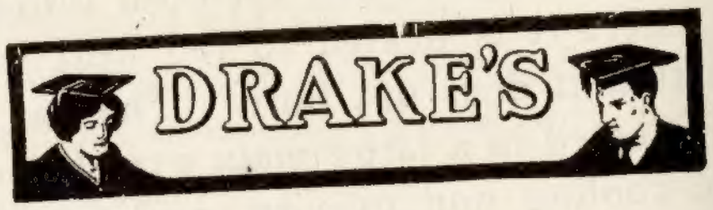
"Every Good Banking Facility"

Twelve Powerful Schools

Action is Opportunity DAY or NIGHT

OUR SLOGAN

We not only give you the best there is in Business Secretarial Education, but we also do everything in our power to make your stay at Drake's pleasant.



SECRETARIAL COLLEGES
NEW JERSEY AND NEW YORK

171 Market Street, Newark
226 Main Street, Orange
120 Broad Street, Elizabeth
207 Broad Street, Elizabeth
171 East Front Street, Plainfield
Other Drake Schools in New York, Brooklyn, Passaic, Paterson, Union Hill, Bayonne and two in Jersey City.

The College of Engineering
of
The Newark Technical School

A local institution of college grade giving regular 4-year professional engineering courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Chemical, Electrical and Mechanical Engineering.

The certificate of a first-class 4-year high school or equivalent work is required for entrance.

The College of Engineering offers to the young men of Newark and vicinity an opportunity to get a sound technical education at home at a reasonable cost.

A certain number of scholarships are available to young men of promise who have not the necessary funds.

Inquiries should be directed to the Registrar.

Newark Technical School

367 High Street, Newark, N. J.

Phone Mulberry 162

WE HAVE THE ICE CREAM
YOU HAVE THE MONEY
LET'S GET TOGETHER

Castles' Ice Cream Company

It's Pleasant to Spend Money, but—

think of how much more pleasant it is to have money to spend when you really need something, or when opportunity is beckoning to you.

How many times have you heard people say: "If I only had a few hundred dollars"? Will you some day say that or will you have that much money, and perhaps more, in your own interest-bearing account in this bank?

The time to start saving is now—not next year, or next month, or next week, but tomorrow. Two dollars will open an account with this, the largest banking and fiduciary institution in New Jersey.

Fidelity Union Trust Company

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Broad Street, Between Bank and Academy Streets

Open Monday Evenings until 8 o'clock

BREAD IS Build-Well Food

Growing boys and girls love lots of good Bread. And it's their right just as much as blue skies, sunshine and play in the open.

Bread helps them to store up a big reserve of strength and energy for the bye-and-bye years.

Never count slices on a regular boy or girl. Tell them, "When hungry eat Bread," and then let them go to it.

FISCHER'S

Buttercup (Wheat) or Delicious Rye Bread

is the Best of All Breads—Just as Bread is Best of All Foods

FRESH AT YOUR GROCERS EVERY DAY.

Fischer Baking Co.

Newark, N. J.

THE ABBEY PRINTSHOP, EAST ORANGE, N. J.